

HIS NOTIFICATION.

How Thornton Executed His Commission.

"She'll have to go; ain't no way out o' that. She'll have to skip," said Dave Kinney. He squinted in a cross-eyed manner at the cracker-crumb on his tawny, scraggy beard, and transferred it carefully to his mouth. There was a wedge of cheese on his left knee. When the Fence Corners School Board—originally Fennett's Cor-ders, but thus aptly abbreviated—held a meeting, it was, by general agreement, in old Hanks' grocery, where crackers and cheese, and mayhap a herring, might re-lieve its tedium. But to-night there was an alleviating interest.

"About the size of it," said Sals Saunders. He preferred tobacco, and rolled a quid under his tongue. "This ain't no place for her here. Why, I wouldn't answer for the consequences if she staid; there ain't no tellin' what might happen, nor what devils them boys might be up to. Look at Corny Bourke, six foot two or three if he's an inch, and chuck full, chuck full, chuck full! He's always bein' the one to put the teachers out, and there ain't no doubt but what it's his idee this time. Bar-radin! the school-house right out back first day o' school; now, who but Corny'd 'a' thought o' that?"

There was something of contemptuous admiration in his tone.

"Goin' to be done, whoever's doin' it," said Kinney, exploring his cracker-bag. "Goin' to git in at eight o'clock to-morrow mornin' an' shut up the door and fasten the windows, and any teacher that gits in 'll have to git in through the key-hole er a crack; what they said."

He had told it before; He had called the meeting for the purpose of telling it. But it was interesting to dwell upon.

There was an impressive silence.

"Wall, we'll have to give her notice. You're jest the one to do it, Thornton—eh?" Saunders observed to the third member of the board. He was himself uneasy. "She got along fast-rate, summer term," he added. He appeared to feel a vague and wholly impotent regret. "Needs the money, should judge."

"She needn't 'a' made no calculations to teach no winter term here—not to Fence Corners," Kinney responded, with some contempt. "If there ain't bein' a winter fer five years but what there's bein' a rum-pus, and gener'ly school shut up, w'y, she needn't 'a' gits there gittin' to be."

It was unanswerable, but the store-keeper entered a weak suggestion over his motley counter.

"I should think that gang ought to be broke up," he said.

He expected no rejoinder, and got none. The School Board's attention centered upon no such whimsical irrelevancy.

"Reckon you're the one to notify her, Thornton," said Saunders, again.

He wriggled uneasily on his stool.

Thornton sat motionless. Whether in fact or by a trick of the ill-burling lamp on the counter, his good-looking face with its heavy, light moustache, appeared pale. He sat with his arms crossed on his knees and his eyes on the floor, silent.

"Jest so," said Kinney, with an air of im-partial decision. "You can git it off better 'n Saunders or me, Thornton. You're a better lookin' man, anyhow, and you're bet-ter rigged up," he concluded, with politeness.

They made an attempt at a careless dis-missal of the subject. Kinney got up and threw his cheese rind in the stove. Thor-norton passed his hand over his mouth and swallowed hard.

"You can jest put it easy," said Kinney, encouragingly. "You can tell her jest how 'tis, and how it's fer her own good, and ain't to be put off nor avoided. You can tell her she done first-class, summer term. W'y you can tell her jest what you're a-mine to," cried Kinney, magnanimously.

Their colleague arose. He was a tall and powerful young fellow, but there was an odd laxity in his movements now as he went toward the door. He held his hat-brim to his lips, and turned his face away from the light. Hanks stared after him till the door closed.

"I s'pose you've found out that Jim Thornton's about the bashfullest feller in town, ain't you?" he queried.

There was no response.

"And you've prob'ly suspicioned, same as other folks, that he's kind o' avert on the school-ma'am, or would be if he dast?" pur-sued the store-keeper.

The School Board was silent.

"Wal," he concluded, with a grin, half of disgust, half of admiration, "you couldn't 'a' hired me to be'n that mean to a yell'er dog—not to a yell'er dog!"

Thornton made his way up the road through a warm and lightly falling early snow that whitened and softened and beau-tified it, dark as it was from the infrequency of buildings and hubbly with the frozen mud. He forgot to put his hat on till he met a man in a wagon, who stared at him. His face and hair were damp with melted flakes. He went slowly, almost creepingly, for there was in his heart a terrible, sinking dread of what he must do. It was almost more than he could master.

Where was she? Bissel's? he knew she boarded at Bissel's and it was not far; he could see its light through the snow-laden trees. The pain at his heart was all but physical; he winced, and kept his hand on his nervous mouth; there was a mist in his eyes, and it grew into tears. He was not surprised at them, nor ashamed of them; he wiped them off mechanically with his rough, strong hand. He did not know whether they were from pity of her or of himself; he knew not which was the stronger with-in him; he was not clearly conscious of either, but of a dull unhappiness such as he had never known.

He looked down at his clothes with faint shame; they were not his best ones. He had a ready-made suit at home, but these his mother had made. He wished they looked better. The light in Bissel's window cast his long shadow on the white ground. It wavered there, shrinking and lingering; then it pushed on and up to the door.

It was not the custom in Fence Corners to rap; it would have been looked upon as a needless formality. He stepped into Bissel's

large, scantily furnished, rag-carpeted best room.

He gasped as he stood there. He had vaguely hoped for a little reprieve, but she sat there by the lamp, alone, bending over some work. She rose at his entrance, and came forward a little to offer her hand; but he did not see it, and she dropped it back in awkward haste.

"Won't you take a chair?" she said.

She brought one forward. Thornton sat down. He dropped his hat as he did so, and picked it up with a red face. Then he sat still. He would have tried to speak, but he knew he could not; his tongue felt thick and immovable.

"It's snowing, ain't it," said the school-teacher; she bore the marks of diffidence herself in her timorous voice and look.

Thornton nodded; it was all he could do. He stared at her fixedly, almost vacuously.

His mind wandered back and strove to anchor itself to something. Once he had spent an evening at Bissel's, on the occasion of a sociable, and taken her hand in one of the games; once he had overtaken her, in a wagon, on her way to school and given her a lift. That was all. He thought it might have been less hard for him if there had been something more, but that was all his morbid self-distrustfulness had allowed him.

The ticking of a clock on a corner-stand filled the silence. It was a round, nickel clock, and it ticked so loudly as to force itself upon them.

"That's my school-clock," said the teacher. "I am all ready for to-morrow. There are my books over there with it and the register."

The school director dropped his miserable eyes to the faded stripe in the carpet at his feet, but he did not see it; his hat shook with the trembling of his hands.

"I've be'n thinking how many I'll have, likely," the school-teacher went on. His misery imparted itself to her in a degree of nervousness, and she let her work drop. "I had twenty-five this summer; there's al-ways more winters, ain't there?"

He managed to say yes. His eyes were wandering about the room now, his lips parted as if for air. He saw a new pane in the window, clumsily puttied—a camphor bottle left on the melodeon—a break in the cane seat of a chair—a small tub filled with white asters still in bloom. He continued looking at these.

"They're real late, ain't they?" said the girl. "They're mine. I potted 'em myself and I guess they'll last best part of the winter; I've heard they will, took care of. Do you want one?"

She put down her work and went and picked one. Then, with a shy laugh, she took her scissors and went back to them.

"May be your mother'd like a few; she hasn't got 'em, has she?" she said.

She made a bunch and tied it with her black thread. Thornton watched her; a slight girl in a cheap and well-worn dress, her dark hair in a girlish braid, and her eyes mild. This she was, but who shall tell what he was? His agony rose, culminated as she turned to him; he clutched his hat till its stiff brim cracked. She was coming toward him with the flowers.

"There, may be she'd like a few," she re-peated, faint-heartedly; but he did not hear her. He felt his face aflame like fire, and a choking in his throat. He struggled to speak, and did make an inarticulate sound, at which she looked at him in wonder.

He looked up at her pitifully—and then fell stumbingly on his knees at her feet and buried his face in her skirt, and groping for her hands, pulled them down till they pressed his throbbing head and reddened her happy, wondering tears falling upon them.

"Bashful!" said Dave Kinney to Hanks, the store-keeper. "I'd like to know what's your idee o' bashfulness. W'y, Jim Thornton walked out o' this store that night and up to Bissel's straight as a string, and told that school-teacher that, owing to circum-stances that he didn't have no control over, she couldn't have the school this winter, nor likely there couldn't nobody else neither, but if it'd be any consideration to her, she could have him; told her that right up and down, and didn't make no bones of it. If Jim Thornton's bashful, w'y, the feller that ain't's what I'd like to see."—Emma A. Oppen, in Leslie's Newspaper.

Meeting of Relatives.

"We are related, I believe," said the Earthquake to the Case of Ague. "I think so, though we have never met before," re-plied the Case of Ague. "Shake!" both ex-claimed, simultaneously.

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BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF SALE IS

used out of the Justice Court, Placerville,

State of Nevada, and to me directed and deliv-ered, for a judgment and decree rendered in

said Court, on the 2nd day of July A. D. 1898,

in favor of John R. Baker and against H. T. Wells and the Mayflower Mine and Mining

claim for the sum of two hundred and thirty-nine and 100/100 dollars, (\$239.43-100) debt and then

together with twenty seven 25-100 (\$27.25-100) dollars, tax cost, and all accruing costs and

interest, have levied on the following prop-erty, to-wit:

The Mayflower Mine and Mining claim situate in the Bristol Mining District, in said County of Lincoln and State of Nevada.

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We are sole owners of patents and sole manufacturers of the Victor Safes.

We caution persons against making, buying, selling or using safes, infringing on our patents. Parties claiming to make a specialty of this branch of the safe business and selling a line of similar size; are imitators of our business and are F.A.T.D.S. Buy none but the Victor safes, either from us or our general agent. A list of our patents owned by us:—December 29, '85; June 7, '87; Oc-tober 2, '88, and several others pending. We invite merchants and others to write to us at once when this advertisement appears, stating the name of the paper in which they find it and we will make them a special proposition on a sale.

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If notified in season will make special provision for carrying parties of three or more, quickly and in good shape.

NAPOLEON DUPONT,
Pioche, Nev., July 13, 1898.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of R. S. CLAPP, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UN-
der signed, Executor of the Estate of R. S. Clapp, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after first publication of this notice, to the said J. POUJADE, at Pioche, in the county of Lincoln.

Dated May 30, 1898.

J. POUJADE,
Executor of Estate of R. S. Clapp, deceased.

Notice of Forfeiture.

T. J. O. MCORMICK and P. H. WAND,
their grantees as gas heirs, executors or administrators, and all parties claiming un-der, in, by or through them, or either of them.

You are hereby notified that the undersigned, co-owners with you in the mining claim known as the "JUNCTION" mine, situated and re-corded in Jack Rabbit Mining District, County of Lincoln, State of Nevada, has performed the work and made the expenditures on the said mining claim required by Section 2324 of the Nevada Statutes of the United States to hold the same for the years 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904 and that the amounts due from you, your grantees, assigns or administrators, on account of such expenditures on said mining claim are as follows:—

J. O. McCormick, 6 years—1893 to 1898—@ \$33.33 per year, \$200.

P. H. Wand, 6 years—1893 to 1898—@ \$16.66 per year, \$100.

And if within ninety days after the publica-tion of this notice you fail or refuse to con-tribute your said proportion of such expendi-tures as co-owners, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under said section 2324.

THE DAY SILVER MINING COMPANY,
Pioche, Nevada, May 4, 1898.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF SALE IS
used out of the Justice Court, Pioche, Town-ship, in and for the County of Lincoln, State of Nevada, and to me directed and deliv-ered, for a judgment and decree rendered in

said Court, on the 2nd day of July A. D. 1898,

in favor of John R. Baker and against H. T. Wells and the Mayflower Mine and Mining

claim for the sum of two hundred and thirty-nine and 100/100 dollars, (\$239.43-100) debt and then

together with twenty seven 25-100 (\$27.25-100) dollars, tax cost, and all accruing costs and

interest, have levied on the following prop-erty, to-wit:

The Mayflower Mine and Mining claim situate in the Bristol Mining District, in said County of Lincoln and State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 20th day of November A. D. 1898, I will sell all of said Mine and Mining claim and the above described property, at the Court House door in Pioche, in said County, at 12 o'clock M. of said day, at Public Auction, for Cash in hand to the highest and best bidder, to satisfy said order of sale and all costs.

at 27-1/2
E. D. TURNER, Sheriff.

JOB WORK done with Neatness at the "Record" Office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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July 13 89 **FANG YUEN.**

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Application for a Patent

No. 763.
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Eureka, Nevada, May 28, 1898.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE
Pay-Day Gold and Silver Mining Company, whose postoffice address is San Francisco, California, has this day filed its application for a patent for fourteen hundred and eighty-nine linear feet of the Pay-Day mine and vein bearing silver, with surface ground and six hundred feet in width situated in Jack Rabbit Mining District, County of Lincoln, and State of Nevada, and designated by the field notes and official plat on file in this office as Lot No. 39, located upon unsurveyed land. The exterior boundaries of said Lot No. 39 being as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a post marked No. 1, U. S. survey No. 39, from which U. S. mineral monument No. 1 bears N 45 deg 45 min E 33.40 feet. The stone-pipe of Day Mining Company's office bears S 86 deg 45 min E 440 feet, and the southeast corner of Pay-Day homestead bears S 21 deg 45 min E 650 feet. Then, let course, S 74 deg 45 min E 600 feet, to post marked No. 2, U. S. survey No. 39, and post No. 1 of U. S. survey No. 39, the place being identical with the northeastern corner monument of the Pay-Day location, from which the northwesterly corner monument of the Pay-Day location is 16 deg East.

The location of this mine is recorded in the Recorder's office of Lincoln county, Nevada, in Book of Mining Notices. This mine is bounded on the east by the Jack Rabbit mining claim, on the north, west and south by no known claims. Any and all persons claiming ad-versely any portion of said Pay-Day mine or surface ground are required to file their adverse claims with the Register of the United States Land Office at Eureka, in the State of Nevada, during the sixty days period of publication hereof, or they will be barred by virtue of the provisions of the statute.

F. H. HINKLEY, Register.

Application for a Patent
No. 767.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Eureka, Nevada, February 24, 1898.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT J. W.
M. Carls, whose postoffice address is Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has this day filed his application for a patent for one thousand (1000) linear feet of the Thompson Mine and vein bearing silver, with surface ground three hun-dred and twenty-three (223) feet in width, situ-ate, lying and being in the Tem Plute Mining Dis-trict, County of Lincoln and State of Nevada, and known and designated by the field notes and official plat on file in this office as lot Num-ber Fifty-five (55), located on unsurveyed land.

The exterior boundaries of said lot No. 55 being as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post marked "No. 1, U. S. survey No. 55," whence U. S. monument on Grant Peak bears N 47 1/2 deg west 72.10 feet; post No. 2 of U. S. survey No. 40, Wyandotte lot, bears south 54 1/2 deg east 480 feet, and the working shaft on this lot bears north 61 1/2 degrees west 178 feet. Thence running, 1st course, north 20 deg west 1000 feet, to a post marked No. 3, U. S. survey No. 55, at the northeast corner monument of this claim; thence, 2d course, south 54 1/2 deg west 325 feet to a post marked No. 3, U. S. survey No. 55, at the northwest corner monument of this claim; thence, 3d course, south 20 deg east 1000 feet, to post marked No. 4, U. S. survey No. 55, at the southwest corner monument of this claim, which monument is on the western boundary of the Wyandotte lot; from it post No. 1, U. S. survey No. 40, Wyandotte lot, bears south 54 1/2 deg west 607 feet; post No. 1 of U. S. survey No. 44, Prudigal lot, bears south 54 1/2 deg west 502 feet, and post No. 5, U. S. survey No. 44, same lot bears south 54 1/2 deg west 465.10 feet thence, 4th course, north 54 1/2 deg east 325 feet, to post No. 1, at the place of beginning, con-taining 715.100 acres. This claim is bounded on the south by the Wyandotte lot.

The location of this mine is duly recorded in the Recorder's Office of Tem Plute Mining Dis-trict, in Book B, pages 118 and 119, of Mining Records. Any and all persons claiming ad-versely any portion of said Thompson Mine or said mining ground as hereinbefore described, are required to file their adverse claim with the Reg-istrar of the United States Land Office at Eureka, in the State of Nevada, during the sixty days period of publication hereof, or they will be barred by virtue of the provisions of the Statute.

F. H. HINKLEY, Register.

Application for a Patent
No. 871.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Eureka, Nevada, December 24, 1897.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT DAN EL
Bonelli, whose postoffice address is Rio-Vista, Lincoln County, Nevada, has this day filed his application for a patent for thirteen hundred linear feet of the "North Division Mormon" mine or vein, bearing salt, with sur-face ground six hundred feet in width, situated at Mt. Thomas Mining District, County of Lincoln and State of Nevada, and designated by the field note and an official plat on file in this office as lot number 3